

The Tyrannical Beauty.

*Beauty fadeth like a Flower,
Then fair Ladies be not Proud,
To a Pleasant Tune; called, Prodigious Fate.*

*Time and Sickness may Devour,
What at present you'r allow'd.*



Since her Beauty's grown a Snare,
And by that I'm deeply Wounded,
Yet my hopes are quite confounded,
'cause my Love I can't declare:
If my passion I discover,
and my Love should me deny,
She'll destroy a faithful Lover,
and her Party? I shall dye.

To the Grave then shall I post,
While her beauty is admired,
And by all men much desired,
yet I'll strive to love her most:

When my Body is Interred,
She perhaps of me will say,
There's the faithful Lover buried,
that e're saw the Sun shine day.

On my Tomb these Lines I'll have,
And I'll get some loving Poet,
Who before I dye shall know it,
that she brought me to my Grave:
And these words I'll have Inserted
that she broke my tender heart,
First my reason she perverted,
then she sent her Killing Dart.



Then the world shall justly say,
They must blame her charming beauty
Which of all commanded Duty,
with this precept, you must pay :
And account your selves befriended,
if for me you pains endure,
For before your days are ended,
I perhaps may grant a Cure.

By this means she doth command,
And they must by force obey her,
Who so bold as to gain-say her,
or who can her power withstand :
No man yet could e're oppose her,
in the strictest of her Charge,
For all mortal men that knows her,
ne'er shall keep their minds at large.

You that ne'er did see her face,
Keep your freedom while you have it,
'Tis in vain to hope to save it,
such will be your hapless case :
If at any time you view her,
whose fair eye commands the world,
In a moment to be sure,
into passion you'll be whirled.

Where a Prisoner you'll remain,
And for certain be confined,
As her Cruelty designed,
All your heart is broke with pain :

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Though a thousand she hath wounded,
and for love of her they dy'd,
And in Seas of sorrow drowned,
yet is she unsatisfied.

Killing Beauty now give o're,
Be no more so deadly Cruel,
No Loves fires add no more Fuel,
tyrannize o're men no more :
'Tis unjust they should be used,
for their Loves as they have been,
For their kindness much abused,
this is sure a deadly Sin.

You in time may be repay'd,
When your Beauties are disbanded,
Which have you so much befriended,
and so many Captives made :
Then your power will be dimisht,
and your pride will sure abate,
When your Tyranny is finisht,
then your Captives will you hate.

Take my Counsel then in time,
And forbear to use severely,
Those poor souls that love you dearly
while your beauty is in prime :
For in time you may lament you
when perhaps 'twill be too late,
Former pride may discontent you,
causing you to Curse your fate.